

the  
**Emily**

Published Quarterly by the University of Victoria  
Students' Society

# WOMEN DENIED ACCESS AT UVIC

*MisEducation: Women and Canadian Universities*  
By Anne Innis Dagg and Patricia J. Thompson  
The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, Toronto, 1988

Reviewed by Ann McKeown

If you are a woman shooting for a secure faculty position anywhere in Canada, and even if you have impeccable credentials, this book will shake your confidence in your future. Offering the most current information and statistics regarding the status of women in all aspects of university life, Dagg and Thompson are here to inform us that equality with men is still far off.

In what area do you or the women you care for participate: staff, student body, administration, faculty? No matter where women are working, systemic discrimination exists on all campuses, from unequal pay for work of equal — or greater — value to sexual harassment of female students by male professors.

The authors, an environmental studies student and a biology professor, have compiled this documentation together. Thompson and Dagg remind us that the women of this country contribute more than half toward the economy either through paid work — most of which is underpaid — or through performing almost all of Canada's unpaid domestic work, childcare, and volunteerism. "Universities cost Cana-

dian taxpayers over \$5 billion a year. Women have a right to expect that this money should help, rather than hinder as it now does, their progress toward equality in society with men."

Perhaps the most frustrating positions for women in universities are occupied by part-time instructors or sessional lecturers. Women are concentrated in these positions between 40 to 60% on Canadian campuses, while women with permanent instructors positions constitute only 16% on a national average. This is a situation which is sadly consistent with UVic's treatment of women faculty.

Caught in this discriminatory trap, far more women than men suffer from the lack of a wide variety of benefits such as pension plans, coverage for moving expenses and professional development allowances. Add all this to a position which often requires completing the work of other full-time faculty as an unspoken understanding in order to get rehired for the following semester.

Dagg and Thompson also relate the difficulties women instructors have attaining tenure from hiring committees which still consist mostly of men who remain uneducated about sexism. As the Canadian Association of University Teachers document, roughly 40% of professors applying for tenure are women, and only 17% of women actually succeed in getting tenure. For those that do not, their careers are effectively halted as most uni-

versities will not consider hiring an individual who has been denied tenure elsewhere.

Dr. Dagg prefaces the book with a long list of her own publications and achievements in the field of biology. She describes her personal story of how younger, less experienced male colleagues have been continuously appointed to positions for which she applied. She writes, "I do not have tenure. I hope

## MisEducation: WOMEN & CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES

Anne Innis Dagg  
Patricia J. Thompson

THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES IN EDUCATION

its lack will not cost me my job when this book is published."

In its coverage of the student body, *MisEducation* cites numerous cases of women having to endure campus environments with sexist initiation ceremonies, texts which use gender inclusive language and professors who continue to use sexist anecdotes to communicate their educational messages. Examples of harassment range from course

union posters portraying "a gang rape scene in which the victim seemed to be enjoying the experience," to a "geology professor who calls one of his students 'cleavage' while discussing the geological concept of the same name."

On our own home front, many women have complained to the Sexual Harassment officers of offensive course union newspapers. Consider this rape analogy; an excerpt which was published in 1988 for distribution to students in the main office of a faculty on campus:

"Wanda Whips Wall Street . . . Enduring the tremendous back and forth oscillations in time of her market, the heroin (sic) is thrust again and again with the full force of a pile driver-like masculine power base in the Big Apple."

When women came to show the dean this material, he suggested that they not take it too seriously and to consider it merely a "parody on porn."

University staffing procedures reflect society's stereotyping of women as well. Dagg and Thompson show how the pay scales of clerk-typists, who are usually women, and grounds keepers, usually men, are not consistent with the job requirements.

While the former normally requires a grade twelve education and up to four years experience, the higher paid grounds keepers need only a driver's license and a grade ten level education. Here at UVic, a Secretary IV makes \$1,936 monthly, while a Groundsworker I makes

\$2,233 during the same wage period.

The authors dispassionately take account of a nation-wide condition that few at UVic could deny exists here:

"The permanent staff who oversee cafeterias and serve out the food seem always to be women, as do those who work as clerks in bookstores or as cashiers in gift and food shops. All of these jobs are poorly paid, rigidly supervised, and regimented. By contrast, the men who run universities have expense account lunches, take time off when they feel like it, and are out of the office when the spirit moves them."

While this review may seem to reflect a book full of bad tidings, it is in fact a text primarily concerned with increasing women's chances for a successful and happy university experience. *MisEducation* is essential reading, perhaps mostly for male students, administrators, and hiring committees of every faculty. The conditions of employment and quality of education which all women deserve will not be forth coming until the university community accepts mandatory affirmative action processes and begins to support women's individual initiatives. Through these means and other creative human actions women and men can look forward to enjoying a truly egalitarian university environment.

# TUMASONIS WINS TEACHING AWARD

by Mary Anne Henderson

"I bought that at a garage sale," Dr. Elizabeth Tumasonis points to a fabric-covered sofa. "I'm often here late at night and get tired." The sofa makes a comfortable place for guests to sit.

It is not surprising Tumasonis stays late at the university. She is dedicated. That is one reason she won the first Alumni Association Award for Excellence in Teaching. Dr. Osbourne, Chair of the Department, says if he could inject one element of her teaching style into his own, it would be her passion.

Her enthusiasm for her subject is obvious. Her blue eyes start to gleam behind black round-rimmed glasses. She remembers leafing through "a big, fat book" of art masterpieces before she could read.

Not surprisingly, she pursued the subject of art in her school. When she graduated from the College of William and Mary in Virginia, she decided she was better at talking about art and decided to study Art History rather than pursue her own painting career.

She is "the main reason I switched from Visual Arts to History in Art," Julia Whittaker, the graduate student who nominated Tumasonis is quoted in *The Ring*. "She is the best teacher I have ever had. She gets students excited about the subject . . . she weaves a story of the development in art."

"I try to make the complex seem easy," Tumasonis says when asked about how she teaches. She consciously repeats important points two to three times, tries to illustrate her points with the most beautiful and interesting slides she

can find and sums up each lecture at the end. By talking off the top of her head she tries to make her lectures more accessible to her students.

Large classes make individual attention difficult, but students who come for extra help are always welcome. "The hardest part is learning to see." Tumasonis compares people who cannot see detail in a painting with people who are ion-deaf; she tries to help them see.

Whittaker and a fellow professor, Dr. Liscomb, nominated Tumasonis but kept it secret until the university required her teaching evaluations. When she won, Osbourne says, the whole office started jumping up and down.

Loving teaching as she does, Tumasonis is not looking forward to taking over for Osbourne as Chair in two years, but she has plans for the Department in the new Fine Arts

building. Pressure on the physical is the greatest problem facing UVic and she is looking forward to more space. She wants better slides, larger lecture halls and is going to talk to the architect to ensure there are proper control panels so teachers can control the lights, sound and slides from one spot.

Honoured as a good teacher, Tumasonis is asked what makes a good student, "Enthusiasm, interest and someone not totally concerned with GPA's but ideas." What about the pressure on students to obtain high GPA's and job-related skills which often deters students from taking interesting but difficult classes? Her solution is more pass/fail options for electives, eliminating the pressure of grades.

If passion is the key to Tumasonis' teaching, passion is the key to learning.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □



□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □





# ASSAULT DEFENSE

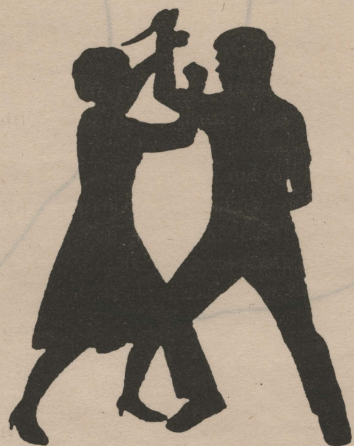
by C. Johnson and W.E.S.T.

In late November and last weekend, women gathered on campus to learn Wenlido self-defense through a weekend workshop run by Women Educating in Self-defense Training (W.E.S.T.). The group, which has been teaching in British Columbia since 1975, is non-profit and teaches self-defense to women and children. It has been highly recommended by groups such as the Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter, Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW), and from the comments on evaluation forms, those University of Victoria women who attended the workshops also recommend them.

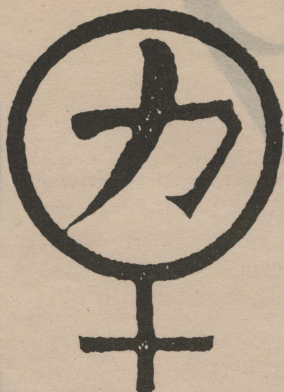
The workshop focuses on four areas that will help women in self-defense — awareness, avoidance, assertiveness, and action. Through these focuses women learn who attackers are, why they attack, and what really happens in attack situations. Included is information on how to make your environment as safe as possible, how to act and speak positively, and how to fend off physical attacks. The course uses open discussion to raise the basic questions that women have about sexual assault and self-defense, and at the same time works towards building women's self confidence and empowering them. Discussions deal with the issues of acquaintance rape and sexual harassment, issues which may be overlooked in more traditional self-defense courses,

along with the emotional trauma of attacks and fear of attacks.

Many women feel uncertain about taking self-defense courses due to socialization or misinformation about Canadian law. Section 34 of the Canadian Criminal Code states that you can use any reasonable force to defend yourself against attack. That has been defined by precedents in courts to mean that



whatever actions you use, that you think are necessary at the time of attack and which are intended to allow you to get away are recognized as "reasonable force." Attitudes which say that "fighting isn't lady-like" and that a woman "must have asked for it" still persist in our society. Those attitudes have been part of women's socialization process as well and must be dispelled. Self-defense training offers women alternatives when failed with an assault situation. The ultimate decision,



whether to fight or not, is the woman's. Wenlido offers information which will help in making those decisions.

Last week's workshop was the second on campus and like the first, the workshop was well attended. Both were organized by Women's Centre volunteers and extra costs, such as travel and accommodation, were incurred by the Women's Centre which has a limited budget. Dr. Petch, at the December vigil for the 14 women killed in Montreal, stated that he would be announcing new measures to deal with the string of reported sexual assaults that we have had on campus. The first step was the hiring of students by Traffic and Security to monitor the campus and work with full-time security staff. However, the University might also want to consider financially supporting women's self-defense courses and workshops. Those who feel the idea is worthwhile may wish to write to Student Services and express the need for such steps.

## Emily Editorialises

In early December, in the days leading up to the Oak Bay by-election, Alix and I set about canvassing the residences on behalf of our favourite candidate. We discovered that while most floors were decorated in the spirit of the Christmas season, the second floor of an all-male building had decided to decorate at the expense of women.

Alix bounded up the stairs with me trailing closely behind her. Turning sharply into the second floor hallway, we were greeted with a hallway plastered with pictures of naked women — breasts, legs, and vaginas — bits and pieces — shattered bodies. "Ugh, pornography!" stated Alix in disgust, having been taken aback with the sudden confrontation. Across the hall and from behind the door of an open room, a group of young men were viewing us in silence. We quickly dashed around the corner into the stairwell, where I frantically searched in my purse for a "This exploits and degrades women" sticker. Laughter rose from the room across the hall. "Oooh, Poor-nogaphy," came a sarcastic voice followed by more laughter. A young man peeked around the corner at us only to disappear into the room and close the door behind him. More laughter. We slapped our sticker onto a woman's abdomen and bolted down the stairs and out the door.

Outside, Alix and I expressed our anger to each other. Every man (or boy) on that floor, in that building, had condoned pornography and its portrayal of women. They allowed it to be put up and allowed it to stay up — in a public hallway. When Alix had expressed her distaste in a gut emotional reaction, she was laughed at and ridiculed.

In the Cornett building, in the Geography department, there is an office in which the windows face out onto the central square. Through this window, students who pass by can see a large "Blue Zone" poster gracing the walls of the office. On the poster is a woman in a revealing bathing suit. The suit is cut high in the hip and the woman smiles invitingly. I am told the office belongs to a group of graduate students.

Leena and I stood outside the window one day and discussed the poster. Presumably, the students who work within the office are teaching assistants, and someday, they may become professors. As women in their classes, how do we know that they don't undress us with their eyes? How can they respect our intellect when the posters on their walls suggest that we are viewed as bodies with persuasive smiles?

On the first day back from the Christmas holidays, I walked by the Ombudsperson's office in the Student Union Building on my way to the cafeteria. On the door was a poster on sexual harassment. The same one that is all over the campus — stop sign, definitions of sexual harassment, and numbers to call if you have been harassed. Written about the stop sign, in upper case letters, was the word "cunts."

On that very same day, I dropped into the Women's Centre. The posters on the door had also been defaced.

So what is the point of recanting such experiences, you may ask. Firstly, to draw connections, which is one of the major roles of feminist theory and practise, and secondly, to show that the University of Victoria, like the rest of our society, is an overtly hostile environment for women. The incidents which have been described are not unusual. Women are faced with pornography and its effects daily. In institutions of learning, in the workplace, and all too often in our homes, we must deal with sexism and misogyny. The statistics on violence against women are an overwhelming indicator of how women are viewed in our society. The fact that one in four women in Canada will be raped at some point in her lifetime is both frightening and sad. Yet public education and discussion on the issue is sorely lacking, and government leadership on the issue is next to nil.

Just recently, the Sacred government appointed a Minister in charge of Women's Programs, Carol Gran. This could be an opportunity for women's issues to be discussed and for initiatives to take place. Yet little has been done since the appointment was made. The most visible offering has been a conference for women in business.

It is time for both the federal and provincial governments to put energy and money into research, education, and programs on violence against women and its impact on society as a whole. Without such action, the domino effect of violence against women will continue and grow. What kind of a society will our daughters be faced with?



by Claire Heffernan and friends

## LET'S TRY SOME IMAGINATION . . .

Over the past month some unhappy person(s) has repeatedly defaced the University of Victoria Women's Centre sign. The word "Women" had been crossed out and replaced with dyke, lesbian or lesbian. The paper sign has in some cases been (suggestively) mutilated with a tack. Obviously someone has a problem with the word "Women." There are many services available on this campus to assist students with the stresses and strains of modern living. In the interim, in order to satisfy someone's baser needs I can personally provide the following — a variation on the word . . .

The Women's Centre (SUB species) includes:

air heads  
Amazons  
angels  
argonaut fans  
aunts  
backward thinkers  
bankers  
bible thumpers  
bisexuals  
bosoms  
celebrates  
celebrities  
conservationists  
cronies  
cyclists  
daughters  
daycare workers  
(the sometimes) deranged  
dingbats  
dynamo's  
eccentrics  
ecofeminists  
failures  
faint of heart  
fairies  
florists

gals  
girls  
go-fors  
going bonkers  
grandmothers  
has beens  
heterosexual  
(attack) housewives  
hostiles  
humourless feminists  
horror stories  
incognitos  
incorrigibles  
ingenious  
jay walkers  
jingle singers  
joy riders  
jugglers  
junkies  
kinky  
knowledgeable  
know it alls  
knockouts  
ladies  
lackey's  
lesbian (note spelling)  
lion tamers  
lovers  
maladjusted  
malcontents  
massage therapists  
matriarchs  
midwives  
moderates  
mothers  
nannies  
neurotics  
newlyweds  
nubile  
nuns  
nurses  
nymphs  
ombuddys  
opportunists  
optimists  
outrageous cooks

outraged  
pagans  
parasites  
people  
pregnant mothers  
politicised  
(tax free) prostitutes  
queens  
quasi-liberals  
quasi-intellectuals  
quislings  
radicals  
raging grannies  
recovering alcoholics  
rednecks (yours truly)  
single mothers  
(mega) sinners  
socialists  
socialised beyond hope  
space cases  
super women  
tarot readers  
terrorists  
tea totallers  
truck drivers  
undergrads  
uppity females  
vamps  
venimists  
ventriloquists  
very respectable  
victims  
waitresses  
wallflowers  
wanton women  
weasels  
welders  
wimps  
wine tasters  
wives  
x-lovers  
x-tra-ordinary  
xx (for biology majors)  
(pro choice) zealots  
other . . .





# FLOATING

## Rebirth on Earth

Gilgamesh,  
seeking exhalation of Ego  
raped Ishtar-the Earth  
with righteous passion.  
Made immortal by  
his act,  
he watched her fall.  
And crowned himself King.

Ishtar bided,  
serene in faith of peace.  
And the years passed  
in a tumult of passion.  
With the return of  
her season  
she gave birth  
to a daughter.

Full formed at birth,  
the daughter was  
not beautiful.  
She was angular and tall  
with a strong back  
and clear mind.  
She walked a grace that  
made Gilgamesh  
see her  
as she  
planted  
rebirth on Earth.

He wooed her  
and dressed her in silk.  
Her feet were painted red.  
But she walked in  
the forest  
and planted seeds.  
The silk rotted and  
the pain  
wore off.

Gilgamesh saw her  
and turned away in fear.  
He had not changed her.  
She stood naked  
in the sunlight and  
called him son and father  
with one breath.

In her face  
and stance  
he saw  
Ishtar.  
Eternity.  
He knew then,  
the jest of his immortality.  
In her eyes he saw  
life,  
and himself reaping death.

Trees grew tall.  
Grain grew wild.

by Kimberley Cormack

## When I See

I saw someone attractive  
and wanted to be sexy.

I saw a man  
and wanted to be hurtful.

I saw a person  
and I watched.

We smiled at each other.

by Kimberley Cormack

## Submit

Submit says the seventh wave posters  
Submit says the fluorescent duck  
in the Creative Writing department  
Submit?

Submit to our magazine

Woman have trouble with this word submit  
a battered history of submission  
starting with Paul's advice to women  
of submitting  
of slaves submitting to masters

Why not contribute?  
contribute carries an egalitarian approach  
consensual

Yes, I will contribute  
but never submit.

by Karen Ballinger

I did not like that film  
called Not A Love Story.

It left me numb.  
I feel stoned,  
Like I am lost  
in the grey haze.

I was shocked  
and violated;  
and I am angry.

I do not understand  
why God  
would let this happen. I do not see it  
because I cannot think  
in the face of it.

I have a feeling  
about what is going on  
though.

It is about footwork.  
We do it.

And sometimes God breathes  
life into the body it creates.

This time it is a dragon.

by Kimberley Cormack

Could I love you more  
if you were my first love?  
Yes, I'll say you are my  
first love of this kind.

Could I say this union  
was made in heaven?  
Yes, we've made our own  
heaven on earth.

Could I promise to love you  
till my last breath?  
Yes, I can promise,  
For your memory will stay  
locked in my mind forever.

So therefore my love,  
Let us walk down life's path together,  
Help each other along the way.  
When you grow weary,  
I'll be there to pick you up  
and put the joy of living back in your heart.  
For you are love to me  
Therefore you are life.

Looking into your eyes  
I feel the trust between us.  
That knowing look of understanding  
that passes between two lovers  
who are as close as we.  
And when we go through a crisis  
and come out alright,  
I can feel the strength  
build between us.  
For you are love to me  
Therefore you are life.

And when the years have flown  
And silver covers our hair,  
We will look back together  
and remember,  
That you are love to me  
Therefore you are my life.

—Marilyn A. Maxwell

HSI LONG SHI  
(Discoverer of Silk 3rd Millenium,  
BC and Empress of China)

You discovered the cocoon  
unravelling the thread  
held precariously as your life  
in the hand of another

You saw the entrapment  
of the worm inside  
bound inside as you  
were bound inside

Cocooned and dependent  
upon Huan-Ti, the Emperor  
cocooned as the worm  
surviving only at the  
pleasure of a ruler

Did you smile  
unravelling the thread?

by Karen Ballinger

## With The Counsellor

Did he believe you  
when you sat in the pink room  
with your knees together and  
your hands in your lap?

when you told him that  
you were a good little girl?

I rarely told lies.

I kept every secret.

Did he hand you a towel and  
say

"This is your anger."?

Did you twist it very tight?

Did you tear up the newspaper and  
spatter paint on the walls like  
the pain  
the guilt  
of the child who could not cry?

Did you cry?

by Kimberley Cormack

(She Cracked a Grin for Breakfast)

but the queen had a friend (called a metaphysician)  
healing (she said) is a woman's tradition  
we've been fixin what's broke for many a year  
bout as long as you jerks have been fightin round here  
so the queen and her friend (called a metaphysician)  
lined humpty up in the proper position  
with head to the north and arms at each side  
in keeping with season moon sun and tide  
then they called on the Mother, the giver of life  
and they told her of humpty and all of their strife  
then they told her they loved her for love her they did  
and humpty was healed . . . heaven forbid

by Katherine Sudol





# DIARY — DEC. 6TH, 1989

## Women's Centre Announcements

December 6th, 1989

Fear knotted my stomach and crept into my bowels as we sat watching the television that night. CTV's Newsbreak was the worst I had ever heard. I had been sitting sharing a cup of tea with a friend; T.V. supplying background noise so that two women alone did not jump at every unfamiliar sound. We are on the ground floor and there are lots of windows.

"Oh my god . . ." she said. I hadn't really turned my attention to the television yet. In my heart I had been waiting for this. The small scale misogyny of UVic had erupted at the University de Montreal. Our sisters had been shot. Shot for what? Being at university, daring to take engineering: for attempting to better their lives. What frightened me the most was that it did not shock me. I expected this to happen. My response was so self-centered as to first worry when it would happen to us. What if I was the only one left behind? I wouldn't have the strength to go on. Would I now.

Thank god it wasn't here. The tension is relieved for the moment. Who will be next? My collective, my women are all in danger. I am in danger. Copy cat murders happen all the time. And in the news that night not one of the announcers linked these fourteen dead women with the misogyny of our society. Hardly once were the victims referred to as being women. No, they called them students, co-eds, victims. I didn't hear anyone say girls. I heard them ask why this was such a big deal, why was everyone making such a big fuss that this murderer had singled out women. Was his crime any worse than the McDonald's massacre of a few years before.

I don't know. What I do know is that something in the Collective died. Oh sure we were angry, furious. A vigil was organized, our anger expressed, our tears shed; but it sapped a bit of the fire, it deadened the senses, it made our laughter harsh and scratching. We were no longer just fish swimming up stream; we had to change the whole flow of the water . . .

*Nolite te bastardes carborundorum*

I'll always remember December 6th. The way I felt when I heard the news announcer say that the killer had divided the room into groups of men and women, had yelled something about feminists, had opened fire on the women. The hair on my arms still stands up every time I think about it.

That night my mom called and told me to keep my head down. A few days later at the vigil in Centennial Square, it was announced that threatening messages had been left on SWAG's answering machine, saying that Marc hadn't finished the job. I instinctively put my arms around my daughter and scanned the crowd. "Am I nuts?", I thought, "I'm putting her in danger."

Look at what I just said. I'm putting her in danger? Standing in a public square mourning the deaths of fourteen women with two hundred other people. The sad truth is that we were all in danger.

I was always told that in a democratic society people could express their views, their ideologies, without fear of recrimination, without fear of hurt. That was a lie. The assumption that we have democracy is a lie.

The dominant ideology is one which seeks to silence feminists. Our newspapers can report an assault, a rape, the murder of a woman every day and yet none will be connected to the other. They are reported as isolated incidents.

None of the news coverage that I saw gave the frightening statistics on violence against women. Not one edition of the news attempted to show how widespread and accepted this violence is. The fact that they didn't proves that it is.

The issue of violence against women cried out to be heard on December 6th and only those who had been its victims could hear. The rest went on to listen to the weather forecast and the hockey results.

december 6 - journal entry

thinking i'd escaped . . . leaving detroit, safe return to mother cunt-tree canada, un-touched/un-torn/un-raped by amerika. this day of return: to what i (thought i'd) escaped. violence follows me, or did i bring it? no. not something this big. i can't address it by changing my (own) address.

Montreal — The next morning, I came to school feeling as though WWII had broken out. No longer were women being assaulted, raped, murdered one at a time. Now the precedent had been set, in this country at least, to perform misogyny on mass.

Many people met my eyes on the morning of December 7 and did not ask me "How are you?", as would normally be done. These women and men just looked at me and at each other with sadness and deep concern for the future.

But what of all those other people who carried on the next day as though December 6 was not a logical extension in a world which tolerates and profits financially from violence toward women?

I opened the door and dropped my pack on the floor: What an awful day it has been, I am glad it is over. Put the kettle on . . . and make yourself some tea. Tea always makes me feel better. While the kettle was boiling I switched on the T.V. For a couple of seconds the world stopped.

"There is some mistake, it is not true. How can it be? Fourteen women killed in shooting incident on a college campus in Montreal. This is definitely a mistake: I will check out the other channels." They all tell the same story.

For a long time I just stood next to the chair, unable to comprehend what was happening before my eyes. There was this numbness that took over my body. "It's a lie. I am having a bad dream." I stood in a state of suspended animation for some time, then I burst into a rage.

"Who would do such a senseless thing. What was there to be gained?" The rage turned to panic — I am a woman, I am also a visible minority. "What if minority women become targets for sick and dangerous men out there. Don't panic. Go and make your tea. Give yourself some time to think rationally." I made the tea but was unable to drink it.

The awful feeling of sorrow and helplessness overpowered me and I began to cry. I do not know any of the women but I know all of them. There were daughters and sisters; maybe some were mothers. I started to cry louder. I took it personally. My husband had just come home.

## NEW WOMEN'S CENTRE COLLECTIVE MEETING TIME

Tuesday at 2:30 p.m.

B219 UniCentre

• all women are welcome!

Are you creatively inclined?

Could you use \$50.00?

Create a new

WOMEN'S CENTRE LOGO

by February 28th at 4:00 p.m.

drop entries off at the Women's Centre with your name and phone number.

## RECALL:

of all Women's Centre Library Books

All books due: March 12th for inventory Book donations welcome.

## WOMEN'S CENTRE GARAGE SALE

11:00 — 2:00 p.m.

Wednesday, February 13th in the SUB UPPER LOUNGE

any contributions should be dropped off at the Women's Centre — SUB 106 or brought to the SUB Upper Lounge by 10:30 a.m. on Feb. 13th.

## DARTS AND BOUQUETS

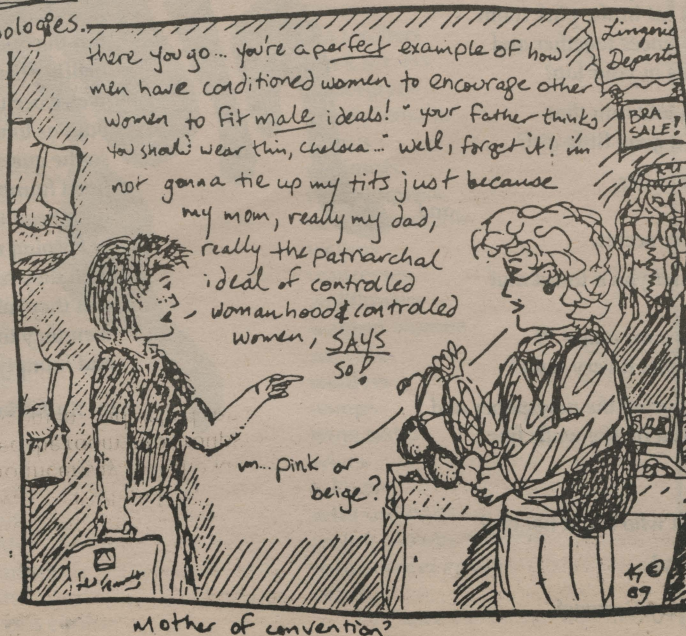
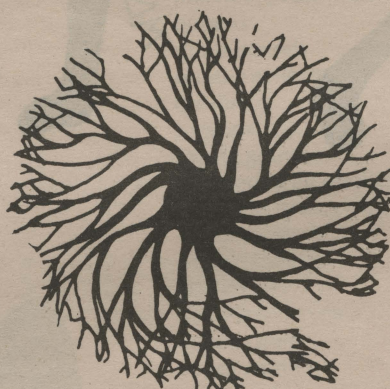
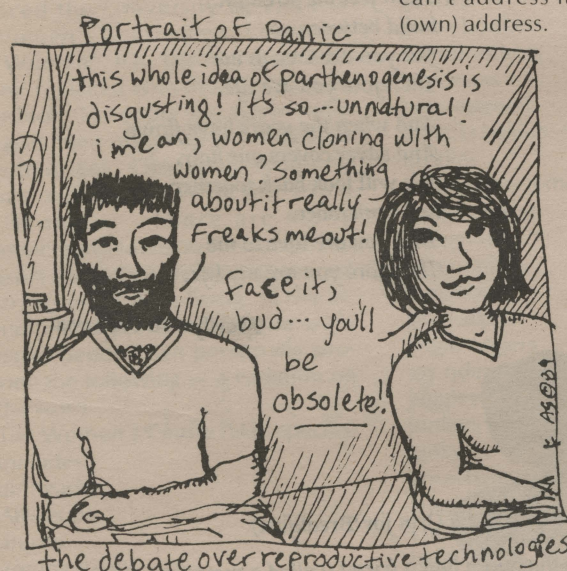
Bouquets to the Ontario College of Art which has instituted the most progressive hiring policy in the country. The college has agreed to hire only women to replace retiring faculty until the year 2000. Such a move is the first step towards a more equal workplace for women and getting women out of the pink job ghetto.

Darts to elected Reform Party senator Stan Waters for his comment on "black lesbians in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia." Waters stated that funding was not available for worthy causes but was available to "for example . . . black lesbians, etc." Waters does not feel that funding for people who face the triple oppression of being women, visible minorities, and lesbian in a sexist, racist, and homophobic society is worthwhile. With representatives such as him being elected, one wonders if an elected Senate is worthwhile.

Bouquets to the Pill which celebrates its 30th anniversary this year. The Pill has helped women all over the world to have control over reproduction. However, the Pill also deserves a dart for its lack of safety. Pill users experience more heart attacks, blood clots, and strokes than those who don't use the pill. A dart also to the medical establishment and the drug companies who have stopped contraceptive research into safer and more effective birth control.

Darts to the University of Victoria administration for its lack of concern for women. The University had agreed to set up a committee on sexual assault on campus after a rash of reported assaults occurred on the campus and women were left in fear of attack. The committee's name has been set as the Safety Committee and it will deal with safe working conditions, chemical accidents, the University's liability in case of accidents, as well as sexual assault. The Women's Centre which lobbied for the original committee strictly on sexual assault has been left trying to establish a sub-committee of the committee. Women on campus should have higher priority than that.

Double Darts to those men on campus who have been writing graffiti in the male washrooms which glorifies Marc Lepine's massacre of 14 women in Montreal and his attitudes towards feminists. Knowing that there are men on campus who feel this way is frightening and women will never feel safe until such attitudes are eradicated. Meanwhile, women must change their behaviour to adjust to a misogynist society.



### Co-Editors

Donna Wessel  
Catriona Johnson  
Una Cordle

### Contributors

Mary Anne Henderson  
Gail D. Whitter  
Kimberley Cormack  
Claire Heffernan & friends  
K. Sudol  
Marilyn Maxwell  
Ann McKeown  
Karen Ballinger  
Anonymous  
(is alive & well & female)

